SPREE contents

VOL 1 NO 9

ARTICLES

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG ISSUE

EDITOR'S NOTE The girl's name is Corrie Storm and we are send- you the name of the photographer

ABOUT MISS BELL

Dear Sir
After seeing a cute miss named Virginia Bell in your SPREE NO 5 I am openly flabbergasted I have never before laid eyes on such measurements

Sincerely
Roy Harrington
Los Angeles Calif

Dear Sir
I was going to write about Virginia Bell but you don't need any advice about her after seeing SPREE NO 5 I am looking forward to seeing more of Virginia if that is possible Hope to see her in a full-color page shot in one issue

Sincerely
James W Vincent,
Pawtucket R I

Dear Editor
In SPREE 5 you had "Figures Don't Lie" featuring Miss Virginia Bell I d like to add that she is the *Best Yet!* Please give us more in the future pages of SPREE!

Sincerely
A C Wooster
Salisbury N C

Dear Sir
Topic—Virginia Bell Would you be so kind as to do a color print of her ? Fellow workers in our enamel plant request more pictures on her

Sincerely
Don E Winters
Mansfield Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE Okay fellahs We surrender Look on pages 25 through 27 of this issue to find more of Virginia Bell We heard your pleas

SPREE contents

VOL. 1, NO 9

Cover Photo by Ron Vogel

ARTICLES

FICTION

HUMOR

ART AND PICTORIAL

SPREE is published monthly by NEW PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. Editorial and business offices: 8511 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif. All material submitted at the sender's risk and must be accompanied by return postage. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in this fiction and semi fiction magazine and real people and places is purely coincidental.

JOHN HURLEY
Editor & Publisher

PAT SADENA
Art Director

IT was the fresh, clean, misty look of the girl that Ronald noticed first. Maybe it had been her voice.

"I can give you a lift as far as Santa Barbara."

For some reason Ronald had only stood there in the rain, feeling an aching tiredness. His summer suit already had been soaked through and clung limply to his skin. Then embarrassingly, his teeth began to chatter and he couldn't tell whether it was because of the jolting truck ride from Los Alamos, the cold, or this strangely beautiful and who had stopped her car on a flooded back highway near Buellton and offered a ride to a man she had never seen before.

"I'll take that ride," he said, and smiled.

When she had stopped the car, the

NIGHT OF PASSION

She picked him up in the rain—and it wasn't just for a ride!

BY GUY FREDRIC BROWN

girl leaned over the convertible's seat and rolled down the right hand window. He had only a glimpse of her beauty—the sandy soft hair and copper skin the curved rich lips and the tops of two round and perfect breasts.

Now, as he sat down beside her Ronald could see she were a thin soft gabardine raincoat, buttoned as she would a dress her neck and the rounded summits of her breasts exposed.

"What is your name?" he asked. She laughed, a warm pleasant laugh unlike the night and cold.

"Now after all," she said, "shouldn't I be asking you the questions? They say Highway 101 is noted for dangerous hitchhikers!"

He laughed at himself. "That's right. The name's Ronald Gilbert—"

"Mine's Shirley."

He looked at her. "Shirley what?" he asked.

"Just Shirley—" she replied. But there was a nervous moment.

He grinned disarmingly. "And even that isn't true I suppose!"

She looked at him now. "To tell you the truth, it isn't. No more than the Gilbert belongs to you—" Then, as the sign to Solvang jumped at them from the night, she slowly applied the brakes. "Do you mind if we go by way of Santa Ynez?"

"Of course not. Is it shorter?"

"No. Prettier."

"In the rain?"

"Even in the rain," she said gently. "Now relax. Light me a cigarette and enjoy the ride."

It took Ronald by surprise. "But I am relaxed!" he blurted, looking up at the girl. Then, taking out a cigarette, he added: "Well, I guess you're right. Here's your cigarette."

For a while, they both relaxed. The car was warm and Ronald felt his clothes beginning to dry. Her cigarette had gone out.

"Here," he said, offering her his lighter. That was when the car swayed gently on the long sweeping curve which leads to Solvang. Quite accidentally he found himself losing his balance. The lighter went out and Ronald grabbed the left door, his arm brushing against the curve of her coat touching the firmness of her breasts, the pointed hardness beneath. He started to withdraw.

"Don't," she said, lowering her eyes not looking at him. "Leave your arm where it is—but—"

Ronald smiled at her kindly. "You're sure? For me—?"

She grasped his fingers with her free hand. "It's all right now," she said and pressed his hand against the soft gabardine which covered her breasts.

"We're not going to stop in Solvang—" the girl's voice continued, tense and constricted.

"We'll just drive on—" he helped.

(Continued on Page 56)

For the man who can neither sing nor drink, we give you Colette Bernet

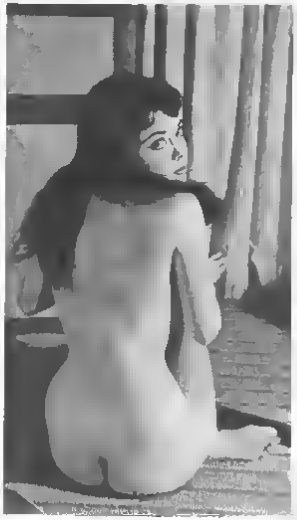
MISS WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

Kittenish Colette is one who could arouse the fires of love in any male. Just looking at her is likely to set new rhythms pulsating along the hardest of arteries. She is truly the personification of Wine, Women and Song, and any man should be happy at the thought of making beautiful music with her.

PHOTOS BY BON VOGEL

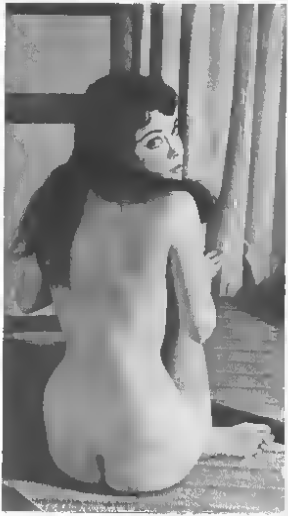
Colette is one of the more popular of the Las Vegas showgirls, but has ambitions that surpass dancing in a chorus line. She wants to be a serious actress and we'll be happy to help her rehearse her lines anytime!

Who needs booze and tunes, when they can see Colette?



Skine!

Colette.



PHOTOS BY RON VOGEL

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Who needs booze and tunes, when they can see Colette?

"All I remember is that I left the party last night with 'Honest' Ben Todd."

you can beat the slot machines...

"PROTECTION MONEY" should be the last thing gambling house owners in Nevada worry about, since gambling is legal there. But club owners in the wide-open state pay out millions each year to protect themselves from slot machine hustlers — cheaters who out-think and out-clip the one arm bandits.

Legend tells of high rolling crap games and fabulous blackjack action, but the slot machine has become the backbone of the gambling industry. And more cheaters try to clip slot machines than any other game in the house.

One casino manager in Reno puts it this way: "Slot hustlers lay awake nights figuring ways to beat us. If they can't figure new ones they hit us with the old. It costs a fortune to keep ahead of these guys, but if we didn't they'd put us out of business in a month."

Lax minutes—even moments—can be costly. Regularly, the truth of this is re-emphasized, as it was on that day last summer.

Reno bulged with tourists. Every club was packed. Crowds bunched around the gambling tables and slot machines.

Unsuspecting, change girls in the Nevada Club sidled through the throngs changing customers' folding money. Keymen and keygirls, named for the keys they carry to open and repair machines, paid jackpots and watched.

One keygirl edged by a bank of just-deserted quarter machines. She glanced at the strip of glass behind which the last four coins played were visible.

"We've been hit!" she said anxiously, almost shouting.

The head keyman threw the cage door. He followed her through the crowd. She pointed to a bank of sixteen machines. "These," she said. She spun away. "I'll get help and check the others."

Within ten minutes every quarter machine in the club was turned on its revolving base. The backs were opened and the contents of shiny metal boxes dumped into sacks on a wheeled cart.

A security cop jotted descriptions of two men employees had seen playing. In minutes every club in town was alerted.

But the suspects never showed. Working on a hit-quick and get-out-basis, they slugged two clubs and left town.

Both the Nevada Club and the Bank Club had fallen prey to the oldest slot gimmick around. The two men found that Mexican ten centavo pieces, with an exchange rate of about 1½ cents apiece, work in quarter machines. They knew quarter machines hold about $30 in coins in a pay tube. Anything more than that—ample due to house percentages—falls into a box in back.

The two men pumped centavos into machines until the pay tubes drained and their own coins began coming out. It cost them about three dollars' worth of Mexican money to get back $30 in American. In fifteen minutes each man had averaged $100.

Club owners have shelled out millions in protection money to catch sluggers and other cheaters. From the time the first bogus coin is inserted to the time the cheater is captured is usually about ten minutes. And the network seldom fails.

Every major club has a two-way mirror system. At high vantage points men behind the mirrors watch constantly.

Here a slot machine cheater is caught in the act of "spooning" the machine while his female accomplice keeps a look out. When passersby commented on the picture being taken, the pair fled, leaving a jackpot of coins lying in the tray.

They have binoculars through which the mint mark on a coin can be seen across the room.

Harolds Club in Reno has the largest mirror system running the length of all gaming areas. Some are inscribed with scenes of the Old West; others are plain.

But on the other side men walk down long passageways watching, unseen. If something looks suspicious a man will pull up a chair and watch through powerful glasses.

Sometimes a cheater will pull something especially clever. If he arouses suspicion the action may be filmed for future study. The next time they'll have him cold.

Club owners lay out money on other measures. Each club has either security police or bouncers. This is in addition to the casino managers, pit bosses, and floormen paid to watch all the games all the time. More is paid to stoolies for information on newest cheat gimmicks.

"Anyone can do the work in gambling," a casino manager recently told a group of new keymen. "But that's not the biggest part of your jobs. We pay you first to protect the house from cheaters. We can get beat enough in one hour to pay your salaries for months."

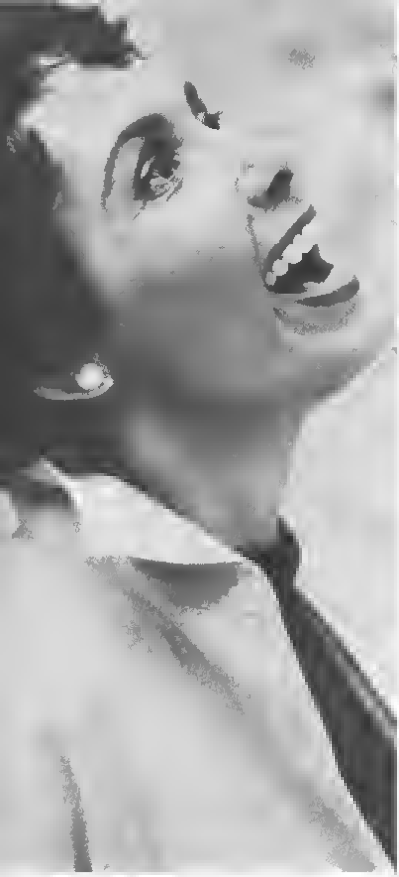
Since gambling is legal in Nevada club owners have the law on their side. Cheaters caught slugging get rapped with sentences starting at six months, plus heavy fines. Lightest sentence is to be barred from playing in the state.

Records at Reno's Bank Club show that one man beat a single dollar machine out of more than $1 000 in four days by "ratcheting." His method was simple.

(Continued on Page 18)

By Lee James

. . All it requires is your willingness to go to jail, or have your face engraved!



MUSIC FOR LOVING BY

BY RONNIE LAKE

BIRD watchers and girl watchers have a bit of knowledge in common gained through observance: music and romance go together like Eddie and Liz.

This has been true throughout the ages. Ma'h Ling-pei, the lovely concubine, sang to her lord and master to the accompaniment of a samisen 5,000 years back in ancient China; Mgu Bhu Bhu beat his little tom-tom out for a dusky damsel in the African jungles many centuries ago; Francois d'Miane trenchadered his happy way through palace boudoirs in France in medieval times. And so it has always been in all lands and climes: the Pipes of Pan forever sound the call to arms—loving arms, that is.

Today, young lovers have music, of course. Their music has been distilled from the songs of the ages and possesses all of the historic elements of love music: a throbbing beat, a plaintive melody, a tender lyric. And, as all faithful girl watchers know, the sound strikes a responsive overtone in the hearts of damsels everywhere.

But one thing must be remembered: all girls do not respond to the same music. In our modern age, music is as varied in quality and sophistication as rocket missiles. And so are girls.

We've got show tunes and folk music and ballads and jump tunes and Latin rhythms. We've got progressive jazz and chamber music and Dixieland and schmaltz and, unfortunately for mature ears, rock 'n' roll. We've Louis Armstrong and George Shearing and Lawrence Welk and Johnnie Green and the Platters and Johnnie Otis.

Somewhere in all this wide range of sounds there is one that will fit your girl of the moment, one that will stir her emotions and senses and cause her to respond delightfully to your honorable or wolfish advances. It is up to you to find the sound that will help you to turn whatever trick you're trying to turn.

It isn't too difficult, although there are some things to remember. The first rule is this: Don't take a superior attitude toward the music that sends her.

Suppose you're pretty cool and hip, and suppose that Lawrence Welk makes her swoon. Under these circumstances, don't try to ram Chico Hamilton down her throat, or into her aural canals. Don't refer to Lawrence as a "ricky tick jerk." Bless the schmaltzy maestro instead, for putting her into the mood that lays her wide open for conquest.

If she's a winsome child of tender years (you'd better be of tender years yourself, in that case) rock 'n' roll will make her squeal with delight, in all probability. Let her squeal

(you can stand it by shuttling off your hearing aid) and she cuts. There's no use talking to this one about Charlie Parker.

Another thing you may have to put up with—and this can be very trying—is the western ballad, which is a sort of phoney folk music cerned up for the jube and TV trade. If she admires lean and bowlegged cowpokes whining about the way their girls mistreat them go along with the gag. The gag may gag you, but if she's worth the trouble, string along. (Trouble is this type of girl is apt to be wearing bluejeans, which can be frustrating.)

Perhaps the most difficult test you face will involve the girl who is a pseudo-hipster. She really doesn't know much about jazz—or any music for that matter—but she's read all the critiques and has formed a set of aphisms that can't be shaken. This is the type who thrills or says she does, to an old Bix Beiderbecke record or the Original New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

The trouble with this kind of girl is that she doesn't honestly respond to the music she hears, and most likely doesn't respond to your passes either.

She lacks the basic sensuality that good little bad girls have and you probably will give her up as not worth the trouble. But sometimes even these fool you. You never know for sure, and if she's pretty she might be worth more trouble than you realize.

On the other hand, there's a certain type of girl who almost invariably may be counted upon to satisfy. This is the one who likes Cole Porter. She'll have a sense of humor you'll find, and poise and grooming. Often, this girl looks and acts like a younger Myrna Loy, and she's mighty pleasant to be around.

Of course, there's an occasional small fly, even in this delightful ointment. For one thing, the Cole Porter-type girl is apt to have expensive tastes. She probably likes fresh Russian caviar and French champagne, not to mention French perfume. She may even like large German cars and small Canadian mutts. And she also may agree that diamonds are a girl's best friend. However, if you can afford her, she's worth what it takes.

Some girls are stimulated by marching bands, others like the Hammond organ. Some (quite a few, in fact, in these rather decadent days) respond to twangy guitars and hip-swinging Elvises. Others prefer the opera, or the symphony, or a quiet evening of chamber music.

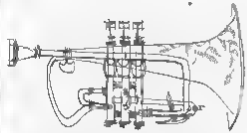
But, sooner or later, you're going to run across a girl who digs your kind of music and these are the best kind.

She's pretty. She's calm. She's restful. And, most important, she's tender and responsive. To paraphrase, cool sounds make warm hearts.

This girl, the girl who really hears Brubeck and the Chamber Jazz Quartet, and Chico and Cal and Miles and the rest, is utterly the most.

She won't sap your vital vitality by hopping around the dance floor all night, and if you can't afford Chasen's or the Chambord, she'll whip up a fluffy souffle in her cozy apartment. She's at home in a sports car, but she'll happily ride along in your 1954 Awful from Detroit. She has a hi-fi, but she's considerate of the neighbors and counts her decibels, as well as her calories. She's no clothes horse, but she's always dressed for the occasion whatever that may be. She may not wear Joy, but she always smells just fine. The lady is no tramp, but she's not a stickler for convention, either, and if your chords progress and resolve properly, you'll find her attainable. And, surprisingly, she can talk, too, and interestingly, on a wide variety of subjects. This is a happy and all too-rare talent among girls, especially on those long, rainy afternoons that stretch into the night.

A Wolf Call Improves If Set to Do-Re-Mi



This small essay on girls and music, or women and song, if you prefer, might end at this point for there's really nothing finer than a cool chick. But we've neglected to mention something almost as fine—'almost' is a doubtful qualification here—and that's the girl who flutters to the Latin beat.

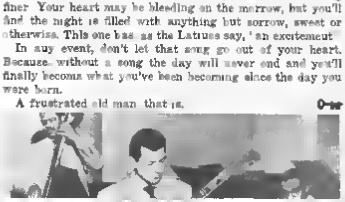
We're not talking about Mariachi and cha-cha-cha, now. Those are just Latin types of lullabiy. What we have in mind is the progressive Latin thing, sharp with percussion and modern sounds.

This girl isn't quite as easy to live with as the cool chick being of a more temperamental disposition, full of unpredictable whimsies and lack-logic motivations. Sometimes that's even what might be called a little "nuts."

But on these rare occasions when you find yourself in proper rapport with one of these—well, dad, there's nothing finer. Your heart may be bleeding on the narrow, but you'll find the night is filled with anything but sorrow, sweet or otherwise. This one has, as the Latinos say, 'an excitement.'

In any event, don't let that song go out of your heart. Because, without a song the day will never end and you'll finally become what you've been becoming since the day you were born.

A frustrated old man that is. **O-ter**



Debbie, who gives her age as 22 and measurements of 36-23-33 is attending dramatic school in Hollywood. Her sights are set on a screen career

DEBUT FOR DEBBIE

Introduced to fanciers of pulchritude for the first time by SPREE is Debbie Jones, who bears an amazing resemblance to France's Brigitte Bardot.

Prior to arriving in Filmdom, Debbie was a Las Vegas showgirl and appeared at El Rancho Vegas and the Riviera

BEAT THE SLOTS *(Continued from page 18)*

He found a machine with a broken safety spring—standard equipment to prevent a coin from being inserted while the reels spin. He then double-played the machine for jackpots. He hit one each short around there lock for four days. In the Bank Club dollar pots go as high as $200.

He thought he had found the promised land until a security cop tapped him on the shoulder. The cheater bolted and has not been seen since.

Every caught cheater is photographed by police. The photos are kept in a special file. When a cheat is spotted in any town his file is shown to all slot employees there. He has become a marked man.

But when club owners curse slot cheaters, they save their most vehement oaths for the "spooner" named after the spoon shaped tool this one uses. This brazen hustler depends on speed. He tries to get in and out before the safety network entraps him.

The spooner plays a machine until it lands on a paying combination. He inserts a spring steel instrument into the pay chute. His "spoon" has a circular disc on the end which fits into pay slides at the base of the tube. The disc fits into the slides. The spooner jiggles the spoon back and forth. With each movement coins spatter into the pay chute.

In this way a tube can be drained in about fifteen seconds. The tube of a dollar machine holds about $30. A good spooner can make $3,000 and up an hour if he isn't caught.

But successful spooners are few. They live fat one week, usually followed by a long stretch in the local pokey.

The guttiest hustler of them all is the "driller." His illegal bid for big money is so casual and takes so much time that employees often overlook him.

The driller usually works with two other men. They hit during busy hours to gain protective cover. One man plays a machine while the leader drills two small holes in the side. The third man covers the play and serves as lookout.

Once the machine is drilled, the player keeps it in action while the driller slips a wire in and locates the "clock" a timing device regulating time-lapse between the reels stopping.

The clock is stopped in mid play. The reels spin free. The player inserts a wire into the second hole and brings the reels to the combination he wants, always a jackpot. Then he takes the wires out and the reels lock slowly in place.

After plugging the holes with gum, the player calls the jackpot in. If the keyman doesn't spot the holes the drill can hit the machine repeatedly until discovered.

"Don't be silly, I've got my lunch in there."

It cost a fortune, but club owners beat the driller with an elaborate electrical system. The moment a jackpot hits it is registered on a numbered board showing location. Keymen watch the board and go at once to machines that hit. The driller is often caught like a puppet in a bad show—with his wires dangling.

Many clubs foot the expense of adding bells and lights to machines. These activate when a jackpot hits. At the sound of a loud bell accompanied by a bright light, many a hustler has become unnerved.

But the new system has one big disadvantage: the customer gets his jackpot money in bills and silver. With the old "drop" method the customer felt like he won more money. He ran his fingers through a big bag of coins. He was willing to risk a few to get more.

With bells and lights, though, owners found an interesting trait of human nature: the customer is unwilling to break a bill to try for more.

"It's kind of a paradox," one casino owner moaned recently. "we lose action to insure making money." He smiled. "But it's an easy choice," he added. "We can't take chances. We have lots of special machines here. Nickel ones pay as high as $250 for one jackpot. Dollar machines pay up to $5,000 per pot. Turn a couple of drillers loose without safety checks and you'd see a change of ownership."

"It's just a matter of time," he said, "until all clubs have similar devices. Legit players will just have to get used to it."

At a fantastic cost, slot owners only recently outsmarted the smoothest cheater of them all: the "rhythm player." This cheater was the elite in the corps of slot hustlers. He was difficult to catch and impossible to prosecute.

This cheat is still dreaded by smaller clubs who only figure yearly profits in the multi thousands. These joints are as yet unwilling to lay out the cash to have machines torn down and new confusing devices installed.

The rhythm player simply outsmarted the "clock" that timing device on machines. He established a "count" based on a rhythmical feel. He used this count to bump the jackpot bar on the third reel around to the pay line each play. This bar is wild with pays and completes jackpots. No law could touch him. He called his method a system—and it was legal.

Until last year the rhythm player's only fear was the "drunk" who insisted on changing the shape of his face. New protection money has put him too out of action.

Clubs lose huge chunks of cash to the driller, spooner, slugger and rhythm player every year. But the owner must also guard against countless smaller angles.

Some cheaters make mechanical failures in slots pay off. Hitting the handle of a machine sharply can shear an inside cotter key which keeps it from playing free. The right broken spring will also allow free playing. Another internal part, just slightly out of line, can result in a paying combination every time the machine is played. Still another broken part will cause pays to drop whether it is or pay or not.

Club owners pay heavily to keep the safety devices on their machines working properly. In Havana each machine is completely overhauled every thirty days. Other clubs have similar systems.

But money for protecting the one arm bandits is well spent. Good slot action will net enough to pay all house expenses. Then what comes in over the table is all gravy.

"You see," one owner put it, "slot machines are *never* a gamble. They're a business. Just give us play and over a period of time our percentage will come through."

He left one thing out. Club owners may tear hair over the protection money they pay, but the millions they spend are simple to make up. They just up the house percentage on machines and let the customer take the loss.

Forty-Five Inches—Or Bust!

BY BOB DYKEMAN

The nation's bosom complex subscribes to the bigger is better theory. Here's the reason!

THE Alaskan who recently cut short a visit to Texas suffering from what he described as "a bellnva case of clanstrophia," wasn't simply trying to convince his sorrhereed friends that the 49th state is overflowing with rollicking good humor.

What he did as most of us have done several times today already was to reassert his belief that *GIVEN TWO OR MORE ITEMS OF SIMILAR DESIGN FUNCTION OR OUTLINE, THE BIGGEST IS ALWAYS THE BEST.*

It is a national mania.

Witness the following episode which took place last week on a Commuter's Special speeding toward Suburbia!

A gentleman opened a magazine, stared thunderstruck, gulped a shot of I. W. Harper, jabbed his companion in the ribs and hissed: "My God, Ditsinhofer, look at *them!*"

Ditsinhofer looked, stared thunderstruck, gulped a shot of I. W. Harper, returned his friend's jab in the ribs and proclaimed: "Holy kas-rist!"

What they were looking at was a woman with a 45 inch bust.

Now, for sheer spectacle a 45-inch bust must certainly outrank the prospect of Washington leading the American League. And a man may be forgiven if, at sight of one, he jolts forward in his seat as though skewered on the end of a hatpin. But he does not stop there. His mental processes break down. He assumes a woman so generously endowed also must be a lady of charm, intelligence and sophistication, that she poses for cheesecake only to support herself and her poor sick mother... and that one day she will marry a Prince Charming and fill her household with children.

(Continued on Page 87)

No matter how you cut it, Man's basic entertainment is Woman.

All else are but trimmings, appetizers, and contrived time killers to space out the love act in the most interesting manner while giving the body time to renew itself for the next go-around with love-in-the-flesh.

Add Wine and Song to Woman and you have all there is to be had. And all entertainments wisely present as many of these as they can and the law will allow.

Let's explore how these are combined in various combinations to meet individual tastes.

THE NIGHT CLUB

This is where the most Wine, Women and Song is crowded into the smallest space with the least amount of air around to dilute it. Here Wine, Women and Song melt and run together under their own heat like hot virgin lava and it is sometimes hard for a girl to know exactly where her own end really begins—but she rests secure in the knowledge that before the evening is over it will be found. which is the reason for being here in the first place. The emphasis by the management, is on the Wine end of the trinity—with pretty pushy barmaids making it hard for you

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG. . .

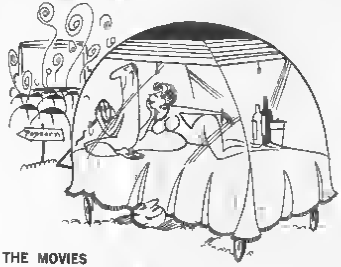
by Dennis

These are the ingredients of love (as seen by Spree's Cartoonist)

to fight off the next round as they plop plush person alities into your face along with the gin fizzes The Song takes a minor role—usually a beat-up combo grinding it out loud enough to drown out screams of ecstasy or, by chance protest and depending upon the liquor to supply the melody line rhythm and har monics which all noise needs before it can properly be called music To dance you merely stand close together and rub

TELEVISION

In the broad view this is anti Wine Women and Song. Altho it could send you way out to glory with exciting variations on The Theme, it doesn't Instead, it is a baby sitter for the kiddies, a pacifier for the middle aged and a thumb for the staid to suck on. It is only by contrast with the bland mush of regu lar programs that the occasional late-show doll or scrubbed joke seem interesting Pity the plight of the man—without the natural endowments of imported sport cars, hi fi ng yacht or whatever—who must limp along depending on this box of watered-down clap trap for the spark to fire the boiler under his honey The late late late show is more a distraction than an aid as she gets interested in the dated doings of Francis X Bushman at the most inopportune times It will take buckets of Wine to work up a Woman if you are depending on TV for the Song Its only virtue is the subtle way you can point out how she can share the boundless joys of the give away sponsors by giv ing it away (to you) In answer to your very own slyly worded little Quiz

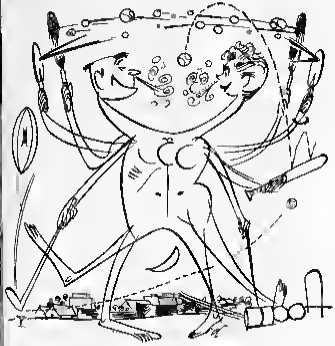


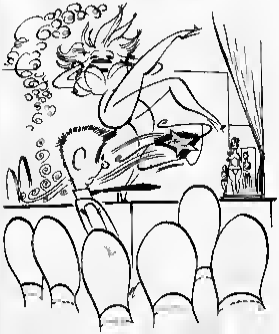
THE MOVIES

Unless you are really shot and depend on celluloid and wax for your entire supply of Wine Women and Song—happy with a mere muffled echo of the real thing—the only movies you know are drive-in movies Here every seat is a back seat within its own isolation booth—made private by hot breath fogging the glass This is merely television with a wide screen—but that is a minor detail . . . an excuse to park in private with out the cops snitting around You bring your own form of Wine and Women and happily proceed to do what you would in the privacy of your own apartment if you could get her there—secure in the knowledge that from each car around you there arises an aure of quiet, cozy snug physical excitement

THE MUSICALE

Thanks to recent developments in recorded hi fi sound, the musicale—as effective as ever—has been brought into the privacy of the home Here Woman can be plied with Wine and exposed to the charms of living





recorded Song in a setting where something can be done immediately to push the advantages of the fleeting music-made mood.

Here, if nowhere else, Wine, Woman and Song are brought together in the closest proximity of the bed and, hell!—she's already leaning back into an overgrown sofa where, with any luck at all, she will soon find herself a mere fluttering little hummingbird impaled on the thorn of love as caressing notes pluck a cha cha cha up and down her lovely spine on twanging taut nerve endings. Ah, yes! For efficient convenience the recorded, self operating musicale is the apex of automatic seduction.

SPORTS

With an excuse as small as a lost ping pong ball or a miss-flipped double action mumbley peg knife high animal spirits can be triggered into a swift, direct primitive play of bodies tangled together with semi accidental pats, squeezes, pinches and tickles in the name of Sports on a do-it yourself level. Or start off the game as golf, or chess, or a fast swim out to the raft and the end is the same because Woman is Man's basic entertainment.

The appeal here is mostly to the yonng at love and the heady Wine of first physical contacts is the only spirits necessary. And there is no sweeter Song than crude grunts of physical combat slowly and rhythmically changing into Love's Old Sweet Song of soft cooing, warm throaty fluid chirps, and low sweet mellow moans heard, perhaps, for the first time on the sporting greens of the public park at dusk. Ah h h!

And later, when the blood hits a thermal level, one enjoys sports best under a football blanket in the bleachers between long pulls on a short flask (Wine) as one makes end-runs of his own devising (Women) to the cheers of the crowd (Song).

BURLESQUE

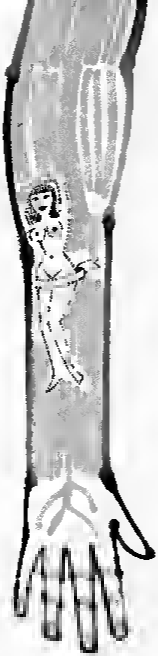
Without a blue shadow of doubt to obscure the view, the emphasis here is entirely on Woman, pure and simple. Woman is exposed in a direct diagrammatical manner. Everything the eye can absorb about a Female is flung around the ramp and SEX is stamped across the big-eyed audience in hard, glittering boxcar letters —and the physical mystery of what the neighborhood girls try to hide is dispelled as the second G-string comes off and dances like a drop of cold water on a hot greasy skillet into the wings, followed by little puffs of smoke and live steam.

The wild, wild Wine of Female anatomy is all that is served up on the premise. The Grape is squeezed before or after the show—or during, if done secretly.

The Song is secondary, with emphasis on the drums grinding up to a booming bump—matched only by the girls—and followed by the rhythmic roar of hot, sweaty breathing from the scientific observers.

Yes, without a doubt, this educational institution has surpassed the panty section of Sear's or Ward's catalogue in spreading the good word about a Woman's body in the most vivid 3 D terms. And many a young man has pilgrimaged to this ivy covered cultural center and for the first time felt his abstract theories of sex crystallize into hard, hot ice as little blue flames sizzled from his ears.

PRICE OF LOVE



. . . the lady of darkness was more satisfying than the one made of steel

By E. J. Ritter Jr

RAY was restless. It was after eight already and more seamen were coming into the Golden Star Bar, occupying the tables where women sat alone dressed in their evening gowns, staying for a beer or two, then all of them rising and going out together, bare arms tight around the narrow waists, high pitched laughter exposing glistening teeth, doors left to swing behind them showing a rectangle of night and the lights of the big city.

The tan girl was sitting alone. She became more alluring to Ray with each gulp of beer.

Getting up and walking to her table he asked in a hushed voice if she would care to go outside, "for a walk," he said.

She was a reasonable facsimile of the beauties who decorated the subway cars of New York, the ones for whom if it wasn't P.M. it wasn't an evening, whose brand was Chesterfield because they satisfied who protected their T-zones with Camels. Her hair was rinsed with the same shade of yellow, brows arched with the same tweezers and drawn with the same mascara, breasts fully as exposed, and her eyes as devoid of tenderness and warmth as the most perfect of the phototypes of a huckster's conception of beauty. The only difference, Ray thought, is that her skin is a shade darker and she's less expensive.

Ray was thinking of prostitution and of the women forced to sell their bodies to live; of the seamen who bought their love in short time packages, who paid for their love with cigarettes and chewing gum and crumpled bills, feeling guilt like a child about to steal three pennies from a news stand, feeling anger and shame and disgust. He paused reconsidering.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I shouldn't have asked you—"

Her arms closed around his waist and she pressed close to him, looking up at him, whispering to him, "You call a taxi."

Under the make-up her features were sharp, her skin smooth, her lips full and

warm moist her arms moving across his back

"Come. We go home" she said

He was thinking of Betty five thousand miles away He watched her signal the taxi and speak to the driver He watched her slide into the seat beside him watched her mouth till it closed against his and her hand pressed his neck her fingers nails bit into the flesh of his neck and moving fast along the streets he felt dizzy and warm.

He was not drunk He paid the toothless old woman Before she could turn on the light he stopped her and kissed her mouth.

"Wait undress" she said

Ray was thinking of Betty and the first night she had come to his room of her small warm body and her moist lips laughing. "Ray, I've never been so happy! Have you ever been so happy in all your life Ray, tell the truth, have you ever been so—no, don't let go of me!" Thinking of the unpredictable way she could cry and her fists pounding his back, "I'm not crying you dopey dope, you What makes you think I'm crying! Oh God Ray, aren't you stupid but really stupid"

Thinking of Betty and the strange accidents of geography and heritage the accidents of history and culture and craft which made the difference between this woman and Betty, between their lives and their life spans and the careers each had chosen, thinking of prostitution and the commodity he had purchased to do with as he pleased to use as he desired, to love his hands moving hungrily over her body

She laughed, eluding him running to the dark corner of the room. He went after her and she jumped onto the bed tossing her shoes to the floor wriggling out of her dress. She laughed into his mouth and dug her long nails into the muscle of his back struggling to free her lips, struggling and complaining "I can't breathe"

He did not let go of her, clinging with a tense hunger he had refused to recognize or acknowledge until now a hunger and terrible thirst driving all pangs of conscience from his mind erasing the decent, rational feelings of protest and disgust erasing the moral feelings of shame and guilt, erasing the empty feeling For this moment at least he could forget the fear and insecurity which prompted him to work without asking for overtime for this moment he could forget the long hours below, the deafening noise and the engines which never tired, the burning sting of naked pipe lines and the suffocating vapor of oil and steam clouds which rose from bilge drains. He could forget his ship *Susan Ann* for this moment and the city of Rio where the language of people was strange to his ears He could forget the sour taste of beer and the bitter taste of black coffee and the dry scratchy taste of too many cigarettes and the stale taste of phlegm in his mouth when the Oiler shook him and called him for his watch Drinking the sweet taste of this woman's body he could forget the thirst and the hunger "I love you" he said trying to forget the five dollars he paid to the old woman of the house

He lay beside her on the bed, hearing her deep breathing subside, hearing the blood in his wrists, his temples his groin

"Smoke?" she asked

"In my shirt pocket baby."

"You?" she asked

"Light it for me" She lit them both and handed him one, pressing her breast on his arm.

"Big muscle," she said

"Weak mind," he said.

"You feel better?" she asked

"Yes."

"You stay with me all night?"

"No."

"Yes you must stay all night!

"No" he said, getting up "I have to go now"

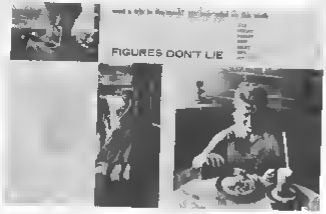
"You have another woman," she said

"That's right"

"You stay with her all night?"

"Yes I will" he said. "Her name is *Susan Ann*. Which reminds me what's yours?"

"I'm still working dear. All I have to do is get rid of this ship and I'll be finished."



COMMAND PERFORMANCE

SPREE'S most popular model, Virginia Bell, rates a curtain call

Any way you look at her, Virginia is the MOST!

Vivacious Virginia's sensational measurements of 42-22-34 brought hordes of mail pouring across the Editor's desk after she was featured in SPREE, issue No. 5. Photographer Ron Vogel was assigned to find her and prepare more photos exclusively for you. This is the product of Vogel's trek on the trail of your favorite model—so enjoy yourself!

Taming A Temptress

SHE KNEW THE PATH LEADING TO SEDUCTION, BUT THIS WAS A STRANGE TRAIL INDEED!

By John Kennedy Jr.

SHE popped her hips violently forward and a little upward in perfect time with the boom from the bass drum so violently that the tiny beads and sequins of her G-string threatened to fly off. In perfect time to the clash of cymbals she flung her hips sideways in circular and forward movements with the same savage smash as the drum boomed again.

In the glare of a baby spot she stood in all her glory, feet planted firmly, arms outflung. She laughed deep in her throat, a growl famous from coast to coast. The light from the brilliant little spot sparkled off the sequined cape she wore and glittered from her G-string. With a quick jerk she tore off the cape and stood exposed in a tiny net brassiere that struggled to keep in check a massive, heaving burden. A quite audible gasp lifted over the entire room. She laughed again, the spot dimmed to blue and out. Unabashed ovation, stirring of feet, a low whistle.

Star Starr, born Mary Alice Starr, strode swiftly from the darkened stage and slipped into her robe held in the wings by her maid.

"That son-of-a bitch is out there again, Sadie!"

"Yes, mam, what son-of a bitch, Miss Star?"

"You know perfectly well what son of a bitch. The one who stares at something!"

"Oh, yes'm that son-of-a bitch."

The storming Miss Starr stepped furiously down the narrow hall followed by Sadie. She snatched open her dressing room door and flung herself into a chair.

"Sadie, what is he looking at?"

The maid giggled

"Hush, you damn fool! He's not looking at me not at what they usually look at anyway This son-of-a-bitch is looking at my feet!"

She kicked off a high heeled satin slipper and stuck a dainty nail painted foot high in the air.

"Is anything wrong with my feet? Maybe he's looking at my legs, my lower legs, for God's sake am I bowlegged Sadie? Do you see any veins?"

Lord what ails Miss Starr now? thought Sadie. Although she had worked for the famous Star Starr for years, following her from Miami to San Francisco, Sadie was as much a stranger as the day she first stood waiting with the robe.

To Sadie's uncluttered mind, Miss Starr was simply a strange woman. She had heard Star curse and rant against men, curse them all for sons-of-bitches. She had never heard Star profess any feeling for men other than hatred, and Sadie knew that was strange. In Sadie's world hatred was for other women loving was what you done for men. You might be called upon now and then to slash a man with your razor or hit him with a bottle, but never to hate him.

"Answer me Sadie!" The long lovely barefooted legs waved in the air

"Miss Star you is the most beautiful lady in the world." Stock answer. Sadie found it always pleasing to Star, and always satisfactory.

"My feet, my calves, Sadie! Answer my question!

"Miss Star, you is the most beautiful lady in the world."

The long legs stopped waving slowly descended to the floor.

"Sadie listen to me I have to know what he's staring at. Go get him!"

"Lord, have mercy, Miss Star, go get who?"

"Damnit, Sadie, don't exasperate me Go out to table three. Three you hear, and tell that redhead in the gray suit that I said to come back here You bring him! You hear?"

"Miss Star—"

"Don't Miss Star me Get going!"

Sadie reluctantly backed out the door shut it behind her and went mumbling down the hall "Gonna quit that woman goin' back home" she promised herself fervently Sadie knew she was lying, but the refrain made her feel good She wasn't even sure she had a home anymore, other than with Star. Sadie hadn't seen Mississippi for many years and memories of the little cabin grew dimmer and dimmer Memories of eighteen hour days picking cotton still were with her, however, and she knew Star could never get difficult enough to make her head for Mississippi

Star Starr pulled her robe tightly around her and lit a cigarette. If she hadn't got in the habit of looking at her audience this never would have happened She never used to look at them, when she first started her career of "exotic dancing" in cheap little burlesque houses. She was scared then Had enough to hear their hard, lustful breathing out there in the dark, had enough to smell the rank animal smell She knew if she looked out there she'd see bared fangs dripping

Bared fangs dripping! What a laugh! False teeth shining with plain old spit. The animal smell? Plain old B. O., stale tobacco and green beer The lustful breathing? Most of the bastards probably needed to blow their noses or had asthma.

She looked at them now She looked at them and laughed, and showed them what she had and when she had every mother's son of them wanting to get right up on the stage with her, she took it all away God, how she hated them!

Her hatred of men was not a habit she was born with but a habit acquired honestly in many dealings with men during her lean years She had to use her body, or thought she did, with so many of them just to get up on a cheap little stage and earn a few measly ham and egg dollars. Cruel and hard, no tenderness or mercy had these men, so in the soul of Star Starr was born an awesome hatred nourished with each sordid encounter to grow into an all encompassing monster enveloping the entire specie male

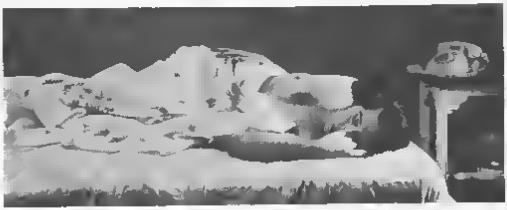
One night, she strode angrily to the center of the stage and instead of going through the pseudo-ladylike gentle unzipping, she savagely tore off her garments one by one and growled and laughed and spit at the entire world of bald heads and body odor, slicked down hair and dirty nails. From that night on Star Starr ascended from low on the horizon high into the heavens. Now she was in demand around the country, highly paid and left alone by the creeps of former years She played the swank little and big clubs of her choice No more cheap joints for Star Starr

She had spotted this guy the night she opened in New Orleans. Ringside table alone, and all during her act staring at some spot of her anatomy far

(Continued on Page 54)

HOW TO FILL A LONELY NIGHT

Even a girl like Cynthia is likely to find herself alone in her apartment from time to time, waiting for the telephone to ring. As each moment ticks off, she must find ways of filling the idle time, until the big call comes through.



Cynthia Dallice reflects the moods of loneliness as she awaits a call from the man in her life

When she begins to doubt that promised arrival, there seems no reason for dressing up. Blue jeans are good enough for lounging about the house as she listens to the sounds of the city in the darkness of the New York night

The bongo has been called the instrument of sadness and frustration, and what better way to work off one's tension of waiting than with the drums?

Gigolo may be a dirty word to most men, but Polo liked his nightly beer

LOVER BOY

"SURE could use a quarter for a beer, Mis' Milly."

In broad daylight, Polo? The angular teenager giggled to cover her embarrassment and hurried past the front porch of the apartment house.

Polo Tillmacher shrugged indifferently and leaned back in the porch swing, one arm protectively over his shoes on the seat beside him, his big feet propped up on the porch railing. His knees bent and unbent, and the rusted metal swing screeched out an obligato of rhythmic squeaks in time to the tuneless melody he hummed.

A short, rotund woman in her forties waddled up onto the porch.

"Quarter for a beer, Mis' Evans?" Polo grinned and his remarkably clear blue eyes, which tended to crowd the bridge of his nose, squinted almost shut.

The woman's bosom bonneted as she laughed. "Can't tonight, Big Boy." She patted his egg-shaped head and walked into the house.

Polo sighed and resumed his swinging. Back and forth with a childish urgency, humming faster and louder to keep up with the squeaks.

Motion and music stopped when Ross Carney strutted up to the porch.

"Hello, Apollo."

Polo blinked once and started to look around.

"I'm talking to *you*," Ross said. "Don't you know your own name?" He smiled out of the side of his mouth and his hook nose twitched to the right.

"Yeah, sure." Polo chuckled, almost to himself, and contemplated his bare feet. "But you're the only one ever calls me Uhpollo."

"*Everybody* ought to call you Apollo," Ross said. "It's just right for you." He leaned against the post and examined his fingernails. In shiny-seat brown slacks and a tan sport coat he looked less seedy next to Polo, who had on his one pair of faded, year-round khakis.

A girl, sixteen at most, wearing a tight sweater with bumps too high to be anything but falsies, walked past the house. They watched her wiggle by in silence. As she neared the next building, almost out of sight, Ross let out a loud wolf whistle, which the girl unconsciously acknowledged with a flick of the rump.

"Nice looking quail, huh, Apollo?"

"Yeah."

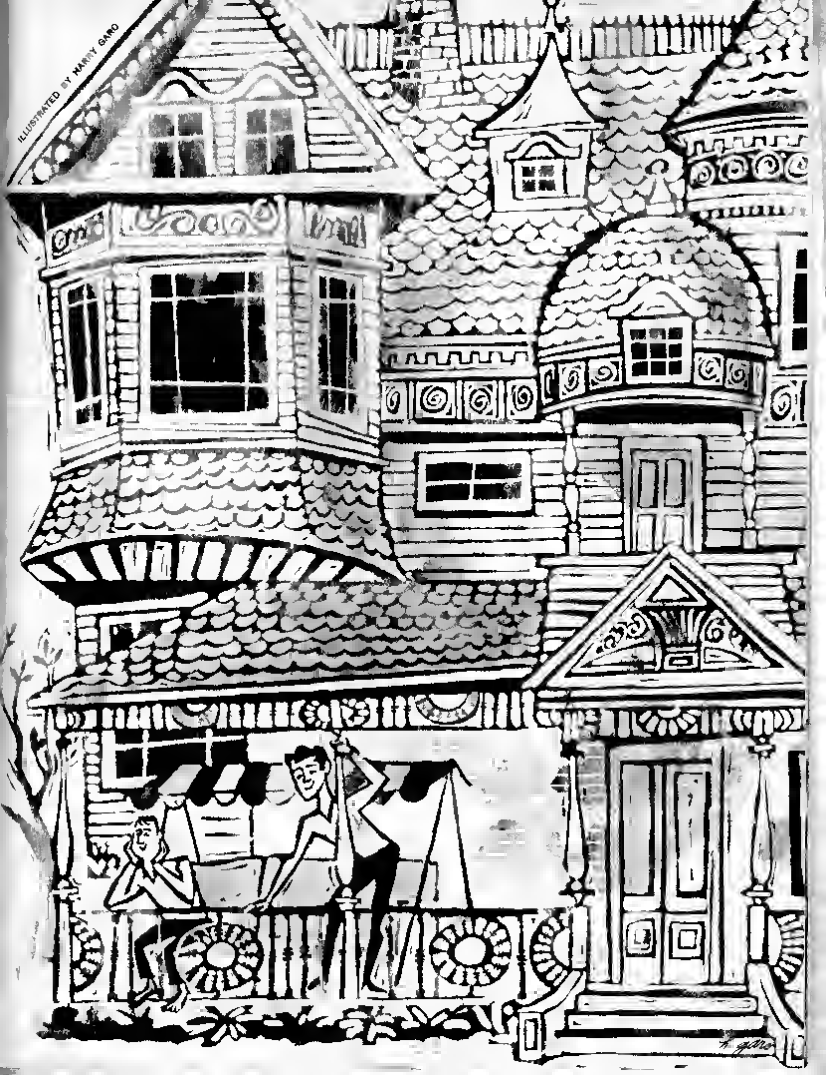
"Somehow," Ross said, "she kinda reminds me of this chick I ran into and cut out last week." He glanced into the house, then moved in closer, leaning against the railing and talking down to Polo in low tones. "I decide I'm going to sell my body to the highest bidder, see, so I shoot over to this modeling agency on Sunset Boulevard."

At the words "sell my body," Polo lowered his feet and slid forward on the swing, listening carefully.

"I barge into this office like I own the building," Ross went on, "and plunk

(Continued on Page 10)

By Frank Wyka


ILLUSTRATED BY MARY GANO

myself down on the receptionist's desk. She's not there, but I don't give a damn because there's about ten of the most beautiful dolls you ever want to lay your orbs on, sitting all around the place"

"All hot for your body," Polo suggested eagerly

"Well, not yet. But I'm giving them the eye, and they're starting to eye me back. I'm trying to decide which one I ought to favor with my advances, when the receptionist ankles in."

"And she's hot for your body"

"As a matter of fact, she is. One of those instantaneous-type sudden attractions." Ross tried to look disgusted. "She's a looker, mind you—nice head, maybe a forty bust, strong legs—but she don't have that polished look I like in my women. You know how it is"

Polo nodded his head understandingly. "No"

"You wouldn't. Anyway, she spots me from across the room, and by the time she reaches me she's panting like she just finished the four-minute mile.

"Man!" Polo exclaimed, undisguised admiration on his face

"But like I say, she's not quite my type. I try my deep freeze act on her, but she's not getting that message—they never do. I can read her mind like an open piece of pornographic literature. To someone with less experience at this sort of thing—somebody like you maybe — it would've been downright embarrassing."

"It sure would've," Polo said, moistening the corners of his mouth with his tongue

"She starts to pressure me," Ross said, "I starts to resist. But she's got a libido that won't take no for an answer. Two hours later I'm in a sweat, fighting her off, and she's just getting her second wind. I finally give in. What the hell, I say to myself. Let her have her hour of bliss."

A shrill laugh from the window behind the swing stopped him cold. His face flushed and he muttered uncomplimentary remarks of indignation

Polo prodded him in the leg. "Go on, Mist' Ross"

Ross recovered quickly. "Actually," he said, "the tale has a limp ending." He shook his head and disappeared into the house.

Polo laughed with him, then stared down at his feet nonplussed

"And what are you doing home so early?"

The words blared out through the same window the shrill laugh did. Polo lifted a brow.

Ross' voice followed, mere softly

"Now, hon. Is that any way for a loving bride to greet her spouse?"

"Spouse with ac epital L. Did you get a job?"

"A job? Judy, I'm not looking for a job."

"That's what I thought." Judy's words took on sting. "Get out of here. Go—find—a—job!"

"Now?" Ross whined. "It's too late. And I'm hungry."

"I know what you're hungry for. You think you're going to sleep in the park all day and raw me all night"

Polo hunched forward and snickered into his hand. He couldn't hear what Ross said, but then a resounding slap followed Judy's "Let go, you crumb." Polo rolled on his side, shaking with silent laughter, and fell off the swing with a thud

A door banged open and Judy's voice echoed through the hall. "Get out. *Get out!* And leave me some money before you go"

"All I got is forty cents."

"Give me two-bits—and no buts about it."

"I can't get a job without carfare."

"Walk"

Polo climbed back in the swing, and Ross strolled out on the porch. They were both grinning, but Ross didn't look happy.

"Well," he said, picking imaginary lint off the lapel of his coat, "I think I'll do the town tonight."

"You do that, Mist' Ross."

Ross hesitated as though he hated to get started. "You know, I like you Apollo—even if you are kinda simple. You ought to live better. One of these days I'm going to take you out and really show you a time." He turned and swaggered off

Polo swung and hummed and watched Ross disappear up the street then stood up and walked into the house, leaving his shoes on the swing

He padded down the hall still humming. A three-year-old boy with a pointed head like his stood behind a woman sitting at the top of the stair well with her knees under her chin. Polo waved at them and kept on to the back and of the hall. At the last door on the right, he turned and walked into the room without knocking

Judy sat on the edge of the bed filing her toe nails. She had one foot up on a chair, her dress pulled up around her lap. Polo grinned happily, ogling the bare flesh. Judy shook her dark hair away from her pretty face and smiled back at him. She picked up a quarter from the chair and tossed it to him, then kicked the chair aside

"Come over here," she said, falling back on her elbows, and let me have my hour of bliss. Lover Boy"

FORTY-FIVE INCHES *(Continued from page 19)*

every one of them as charming, intelligent and sophisticated as she. He assumes—and here his mental processes really go to pot—that if he hadn't succumbed to Grace (his wife), that he could have been that Prince Charming.

So he alights from the train bearing a torch for Miss 45-Inch Bust the flames practically blinding his wife, who is waiting in a parking lot way the hell and gone on the other side of the station.

Miss 45-Inch Bust, meanwhile, is picked up by the conductor. His jaw drops, his eyes glaze, and he exults, "Well, punch my round-trip ticket and be damned!" He looks wildly about, rushes to the nearest male passenger and says, "Hey, pal, I wanna show you somethin' . . ."

However, man's blind allegiance to the premise that *THE BIGGEST IS BEST*, is not confined to breasts and territories about to become states.

Not long ago, discussing with a friend a certain seedy individual of our acquaintance who attracts women like flies, I said, "I don't know how he does it. I don't know how that coarse, dirty, emaciated ferret-eyed little jackal does it."

"Huh," my friend snorted. "I do."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, hell, you know what he's got, don't'cha?" my friend countered.

This cryptic remark will leave no doubt, even in the mind of an innocent, that my friend, having subscribed to the premise that *THE BIGGEST IS BEST*, meant that the success of our raunchy acquaintance was due, clearly and simply, to superior equipment.

BIGGEST is the word these days, because if its tha *BIGGEST*, *IT'S THE BEST*.

In automobile advertising, even such desirable items as "wind tunnel-tested tailfins" have taken a back seat. "This is the *BIGGEST* car in the medium priced field," the dealer shrieks, then ducks behind the parts counter to avoid the rush.

Housewives are exhorted in television commercials to "Buy the *GIANT* economy size package." Presumably, they will save a few cents. But they rush to the store impelled by the sub-conscious motivation that the *BIGGEST IS BEST*. A friend of mine was amazed recently when a delivery man wheeled into his house a box of soap flakes as big as a refrigerator. Several days later, irked by the presence of this orange monstrosity, he dealt it a swift kick. Whereupon the lid lifted up and the man next door climbed out.

Movie producers, aware of the pull he a mama far size go to great lengths to appease it. Leland Hayward producer of Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea," had some film footage of the largest marlin ever caught, a 1500-pound giant measuring fourteen and a-half feet in length.

Hayward wanted an eighteen footer.

Twenty-three days later, during which time the movie expedition didn't get a bite, Hayward decided to use the footage of the record breaker.

The expedition cost him $100,000.

King Kong, one of the biggest monsters in cinema history, scared me to death, scared my son to death, will probably in years to come, scare my son's son to death.

You see it and hear it everywhere you go.

A New Yorker, spotting a Texan gazing up at the Empire State building, approaches with understandable pride and says, "Some building, huh?"

"Shore is," the Texan replies. "Damned shame you didn't get to finish it."

An American, informed by a group of United Nations people that Tibet has the biggest mountain, Egypt the biggest pyramid, China the biggest population, England the biggest city, Russia the biggest satellite, and Africa the biggest waterfall, opens his mouth and replies, "Well, the good old United States has got—" then turns crestfallen, and slinks away.

He is thinking of the national debt.

The end is not yet in sight. Great things are to come.

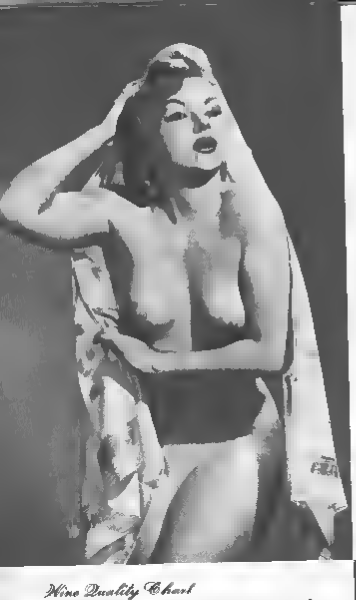
A strangely lighted train grinds to a halt in Suburbia. Gray flannel suits pour from the cars. The lights come from the torches they are bearing, illuminating the station like a sunny day. The train crawls away and recedes into the night. The conductor, seated alone, is not lonely. His eyes are glazed. He is looking at a woman with a 50-inch bust! **O-ur**

WINE-TASTER'S DELIGHT!

True connoisseurs are prone to compare the quality of a fine wine with the attributes of a beautiful woman . . . Feeling that there is something to such a comparison, SPREE invites you on a trip through the vineyards of love to meet some luscious beauties, who would meet with the approval of even the most critical epicures of pulchritude

Appetizers

Sherry is the preference of many gourmets as an appetizer, and beauteous Freddi Robbins (opposite page) is surely appealing enough to be considered the spirit of this vintner's specialty



Sparkling W

The heady goodness of a wine such as Portuguese sparkling rose is indeed comparable to the warmth and charm of Shirley Kilpatrick, whose redheaded beauty is suggestive of the finer secrets of the vintner's arts.

Since the first grape fermented in the sun and some long forgotten caveman discovered the world of wine, champagne has been considered the drink of royalty. Suggestive of royalty, also is Miss Candy Barr. An evening with her and a magnum bottled in a great year such as Paul Roget 1928 would be enough to make any male feel like a king—or a caveman!

Wine Quality Chart

YEAR	PORT	CLARET	BURGUNDY	RHINE	SAUTERNE	CHAMPAGNE
1950	Greatest!	Greatest!	Good	Greatest!	So-So	Rough!
1951	So-So	So-So	Good	Rough!	So-So	Rough!
1952	So-So	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!
1953	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!	Greatest!
1954	Greatest!	So-So	So-So	Rough!	Rough!	Rough!
1955	So-So	Good	Good	So-So	Good	Good

Greatest! Good So-So Rough!

Wines

Sparkling burgundy is considered a substitute for champagne by the uninitiated but the lusciousness of Shirley Skates, SPREE'S Miss Sparkling Burgundy, could hardly be considered a substitute for anything. We defy the champagne fanciers to do so with her!

Table Wines

Theory has it that only a red wine should be served with red meats, such as beef or venison while a white wine is ideal for white meats, ranging from fish to fowl.

Another theory, of course, is that any wine is fine so long as one appreciates it

Blonde and beauteous Patricia Conley would be an ideal dinner partner if one's taste ran to pheasant under glass and Chablis, while the lush darkness of Madelme Castle would go well with the delicate taste of venison and Barton-Guestier Prince Noir 1953

Or if one doesn't believe in theories at all, why not invite them both to dinner? It might disprove that other old chestnut about not mixing one's drinks

Dessert Wines

The lavish flavor of a gourmet's favorite, such as Clos Vougout 1952 makes an ideal dessert wine while the richly endowed charms of sultry Susan Woods are reflective of the sweet lushness of this vintage. An evening combining wine, candlelight and Miss Woods could boast no equals.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY R CH

HISTORY'S MOST WANTON QUEEN

By Tom Benjamin

SHE BEGAN AS A PROSTITUTE—BUT LIVED TO RULE AN EMPIRE

THE delectable contours of the girl's graceful body showed alluringly through the drift of flowers and leaves covering her in the center of the stage.

The enthralled audience consisting solely of men leaned forward, tingling in eager anticipation as a herd of tame deer trotted daintily toward the lightly buried actress whose luminous black eyes twinkled mischievously from the piled-up foliage. The opening scene of the generations-old pantomime, "Bride of the Forest," was about to be performed again in the Hippodrome Theatre of Constantinople, capital of the Byzantine Empire in the year 520.

The gentle animals surrounded the drifted foliage. With well-trained nibbling they whetted the sensual appetites of the audience as they gradually revealed the ripe figure underneath. At the girl's head a group of the shy creatures browsed. First white gleaming shoulders came into view, followed by luscious breasts and hips. Others grazed at her feet, bringing slender ankles, rounded thighs, shapely torso and posterior into sight.

The actress portraying the Bride in this pantomime is supposed to have fallen asleep dreaming of her lover and visioning the youth at her side.

A grumbling voice offstage startled the herd. With a soft pitter-patter of hooves they exited, leaving the girl lying alone on the artificial grass. Breathless at the sight of her naked loveliness exposed before them, the men were silent. Then, while still aware the most thrilling part of the performance was yet to come, they broke into a spontaneous cheer of tribute.

The shouts ceased as a grotesquely attired comedian in the character of a wrathful husband strode in assumed anger to where the young beauty reclined. "So!" he bellowed. "Unfaithful wife! Your lover came and [illegible]." He reached down and roughly set the naked girl on her feet. Then assisted passively by the actress, with obscene pantomime and suggestive actions, he openly conveyed his suspicions of her forest interlude to the leering galleryites in a burlesque dance.

The lewd contortions ended. The audience strained forward, breathless with excitement. The climax that all had waited for from the opening was about to begin.

In the sinful city of Constantinople perversity in all things seemed to be the reigning theme. Men wore their hair in ringed perfumed curls at the back of their heads. Their gold-embroidered tunics were cut to enhance the display of their shoulders, arms and back. Homosexuality was rampant throughout the capital.

Women—especially those of the stage—were objects of scorn. Comedies and plays all called for the girls to be whipped, humiliated, tormented. These popular attractions gave the effeminate crowds an inflated sense of their own importance; made them feel immeasurably superior to the scourged and lowly female.

Whip, in hand, the comedian in the guise of the jealous husband, returned to where his stage wife huddled in assumed fear. Grinning evilly at the audience, he threw his partner roughly to the floor. Then with blows, kicks and whip lashes, he drove the nude girl back and forth across the stage to the savage delight of the howling mob. Spectators living with the actor taking the part of the angry spouse enjoyed a vicarious thrill in disciplining a refractory female.

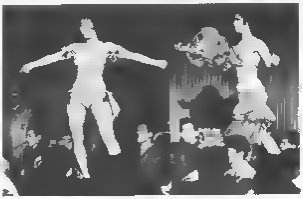
However, with the girl in the role of abused wife in the particular performance we are describing they would exit even more thrilled than usual, but definitely not with a feeling of superiority.

On the contrary.

Where other actresses collapsed with the first dozen blows, this one smiled in contempt as the lash cut in to her flesh. She refused to be tamed, subdued, mastered. In the decadent city of Constantinople with its part-pagan, part-Christian culture, such a woman was idolized—worshipped as a living prototype of Aphrodite, their Goddess of Pleasure and Love. Her tremendous success in this part as the Bride undoubtedly was due to the erotic fascination she inspired by refusing to be conquered, by laughing in the face of the fuming clown that wielded the lash.

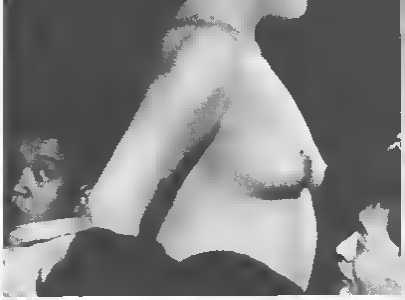
At eighteen, after a miserable childhood spent in poverty in which she was forced to live as a prostitute on her own from twelve to fourteen years of age, the actress we have depicted rocketed to fame overnight with her unique performance in the same role of *Bride of the Forest*. All Constantinople lay at her feet. Profane songs were sung in the wine shops glorifying her wantonness and sin. Her dressing room after each show was thronged, men from every strata of social life vying with

(Continued on Page 55)



IN THE SHINJUKU MUSIC HALL AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION SHOW, THE STRIPPER

SOMETIMES ENDS UP IN YOUR LAP!



Togetherness: TOKYO STYLE

There is one maxim known to every globetrotter, to wit: "If you really want to see a foreign city and have a hang up time, stay as far away as possible from the recommended haunts of interest."

That certainly holds true in Tokyo, and as proof, we offer the Shinjuku Music Hall. It's a spot little known to tourists and never missed by the local men about-town.

The Music Hall isn't a big theater but it makes up in imagination and girls what it lacks in size.

One main attraction is the manager's theory of bringing the girls and the boys out front together. This, I believe, is the best possible theory of audience participation.

To do this, the show has a U shaped ramp extending from the stage into the audience. When the girls come out to dance and/or strip, they're right out there giving the lads in the back of the hall a chance to feast their eyes along with the lucky ones up front.

Now and again, one of the girls will take the fun even farther. She'll scoot off the ramp, slide down an aisle and, while snuggling in a fellow's lap, slip off her skirt and remove her bra. This is really giving the customer his money's worth!

There's music to the shows, of course. The chorus, mostly nude young things, dance to the music of some fine hi fi recorded music. The sets are cleverly done and the lighting and general staging are on a par with many of the big downtown theatres.

But let's face it! the boys come for girls, this the Shinjuku Music Hall offers in ample quantity. So join SPREE's eamerman as he drops into the theater and covers the show—one of the *few* things in the place that is covered!

Production numbers match those in much larger theatres—but with more informality!
The audience literally gets into the act by special invitation with skits such as this. Anyone for Tokyo?

HE HAD BEEN PROTECTED FROM THIS WOMAN UNTIL THE NIGHT HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE IN A ROOM WITH HER

By Estelle G Bamberg

THE FACTS OF LIFE

THE night before last my venerable father again visited with Miss Judy Clark in her bedroom I know, because her room adjoins ours and the thin partitions in this scrofulous old boarding house makes for grand acoustics And that s a fact.

I listened for all I was worth because I heard Miss Clark say "Pete" and I knew they were talking about me and that's always interesting Besides my father is always warning me to *beware of women* and here he was braving a boness in her own den And that s a fact.

I wondered how she had lured him in, what devious method she had employed. Perhaps she kept a hot-plate in her room and was enticing my father with promises of gastronomic delights Hot plates are against boarding house regulations Everyone knows that But women, I ve heard, are slyness creatures and capable of great deception Anyway, I listened to her insidious throaty voice

"Shh, Jim," I heard her say "You don't want to wake Pete."

"Naa." My father always says Naa "Pete sleeps like

the dead. He won't hear a thing and ever if he did he wouldn't understand."

"That Pete's a good-looking fellow," said Miss Clark. "He's built. And all that curly black hair. He's a real good-looking fellow. Ya' know?"

"Pete's a kid," my father said. "He's not eighteen yet. Don't you get ideas about Pete. He'll have time for women when he's my age."

"Oh, shut up, Jim King," she said. "Forget Pete and think about me."

I decided that Miss Clark must practice catalepsy or something, because my father only offered token resistance. He said, "Don't think a boy can do a man's job."

They talked some more but in lowered tones, they laughed and thrashed around and after awhile I got tired. I must have fallen asleep because I don't remember hearing my father return to our room.

In the morning at the breakfast table for the first time I observed Miss Judy thoroughly. I mean thoroughly. She looked very animated and very fetching. Her hair is red-brown and silky looking; her eyes are brown and each time she inhaled, the front of her swelled, like rising yeast bread over the top of her dress. She didn't look a day over twenty-five, although everyone says she's at least thirty. And that's a fact.

My father noticed my careful scrutiny. So did the other boarders. So did Mrs. Hockett, our aged and spavined proprietress. And so did Miss Judy Clark.

She said, "Pete, how are things down at the 'Reading Bug'?" That's the name of the book store where I perform daily labor for a dubious livelihood.

"Fine—just fine, Miss Clark," I said.

"Pete, my boy," said my father and I could tell he was feeling parental again. "You'll have time to worry about females when you're my age." He glowered at Miss Clark. "Now the important thing is to get ahead at the book store. Then, when you're my age you won't have to worry about money."

"That's right," said Mrs. Hockett. "When you're my age it's nice to have a fat bank book."

"When you're my age, said Mr. Quincy, another senile boarder, "you'll understand about women and money."

I looked at my father and said, "but dad . . ."

"No buts, Pete," said my father. "Keep earning money, stay away from women and don't read so many books. They only confuse you. You're young yet, Pete, and there are things you don't understand. And that's a fact, son."

I went off to sell books and to mull over what they had said to me. The aged I decided must be gifted with revelations of abysmal truths unfathomable to youth. Especially to a youth like me. And that's a fact.

Certainly money is a mystery to me. For my own protection, my father relieves me of all that I earn. He says it can only lead to wild and woolly living and dangerous women. And I would be afraid to get involved in that type of thing. That's a fact.

Sales at the book store were brisk all day. But I did find time to finish William Faulkner's *Pylon*. Then, between five and five-thirty, I sold two more Bibles—an Aldous Huxley and a Chaucer translation.

I returned to the boarding house too late for dinner but Mrs. Hockett fixed me some bologna sandwiches and a milk shake. She told me that my father had gone out to a poker game and didn't know when he would be back.

After eating I went into the living room and discovered a fortuitous situation — an unattended television set. I switched on the most crudite program offered and was just getting comfortable in an easy chair when the reflection of a female form undulated across the screen. A low voice crooned in my ear, "Petey boy, we're alone."

A clever piece of deduction, I thought, as I looked into the face of Miss Judy Clark. "Yes ma'am," I said.

"Call me Judy," she said. She sat on the edge of my chair and ran her fingers along the rim of my ear. It created a most bewildering sensation.

"Please ma'am—Judy," I said. "My father wouldn't like you to do that."

"Well let's not tell him," she said. "Let's not tell *anybody*." She pressed closer to me and began to massage the back of my neck with light rotating motions. Instinctively I became suspicious. "Miss Judy—ma'am, are you a wild and woolly woman?" I asked. "Are you dangerous?"

"Me—dangerous?" She threw her head back and I could see the ripples of laughter as they rode up the white column of her throat before exploding in my ear. "I'm just an unhappy girl, Petey. I've had a hard time. Rough. I need someone to talk to."

She strained back on the arm of the chair and looked at me, she short of looked *through* me—I mean the look went all over me. And all the while she kept slowly amoussing the back of my neck. "I can talk to you," she said, "can't I, Petey?"

"Yes ma'am—Judy."

"I mean—you understand—things, Petey?"

"Yes ma'am—Judy."

"Then let's go up to my room where no one will interrupt us."

In her room the very first thing I did was to look for the hot-plate. But she didn't have one. And that's a fact. I even got down on my hands and knees and looked under the furniture. When I stood again Miss Judy Clark was cheerfully unscarred in the bee.

"Here I am, Petey boy," she said. She patted the vacant space beside her. "Come here and let's get cozy."

I did. And that's a fact.

She told me what a swell fellow I was and how good-looking "Petey," she said, "I don't want to talk about myself. I'd much rather look into your gorgeous blue eyes. And—"

She introduced me to the rudiments of wild and woolly living. Her instructions were so fascinating that I forgot about my father. I forgot about Mrs. Hockett, our proprietress and the other boarders. I even forgot about our grand old acoustics. And that's a fact.

When the door flew open I was so deeply engrossed in Miss Clark's graphic tutelage that a matter of seconds passed before I realized that we were being observed. It was disconcerting. And that's a fact.

There, standing in the doorway, were my father, Mrs. Hockett and Mr. Quincy.

"Pete," roared my father. "What's going on here?"

I stumbled to my feet and tugged at an invisible shirt. "Just call it the vicissitudes of life, sir," I said.

"And after the way I've warned against wild and woolly living and dangerous women," moaned my father. He turned to Mrs. Hockett for confirmation. "How do you like that? The first time I turn my back what does he get mixed up with—a woman— And that's a fact."

Mrs. Hockett nodded sympathetically, Mr. Quincy cleared his throat; Miss Judy Clark lay there in dishabille and smiled enigmatically.

"Well, Pete? Speak up," said my father. "What've you got to say for yourself?"

"Sir," I said. "I am just an innocent boy, ignorant of any wrong-doing—a veritable babe in the woods. Perhaps, when I am your age I shall understand—things— But now—" I walked over and closed the door against my father, Mrs. Hockett and Mr. Quincy. "I must ask you to leave me to my ignorance."

I went back to Miss Judy Clark's bed. Ignorance is bliss. And that's a fact.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A FRENCH UNDERWATER FANTASY

By Serge de Sazo

These luscious French water sprites could bring about radical changes in the skindiving fad in the United States. After all, equipment such as immersion suits takes the fun out of playing underwater tag!

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TAMING A TEMPTRESS *(Continued from page 23)*

lower than anyone had ever stared before. He was back the next night. Same performance by Star Starr, same reaction from Mr. S O R. with the red hair.

For the first time in many years Star felt self-conscious and was tempted to stop her act and look down at whatever the hoob was staring at.

Near the conclusion of her act he deliberately winked at her, then returned his gaze to the unknown spot. The third night she ignored him. The fourth night she hid in the wings and watched him. The bastard looked at the other girls all right: did he look! Head to toe, up and down all around, all over.

The fifth night she danced for him alone. Her bumps and grinds were heard in the next block. The man with red hair stared, not at the gyrating pelvis, not at the magnificent chest, nor at the surprisingly soft beauty of the face. He looked only at the *something* for which he evidently had come to see.

The rap on the door which she was expecting came so unexpectedly loud that Star jumped.

"Come in," she said in her throaty, smooth voice.

The man walked in and Star came face to face with her tormentor.

"How do you do, Miss Starr. To what do I owe this honor?"

"Sit down," said Star.

"With pleasure," said the man.

What a cocky dude, thought Star, and older than he looked, about forty, I'd say.

"Mr. . . ," fumbled Star.

"Bill Root," retrieved the man with a smile.

"Well, Mr. Root, I'll get right to the point. For six nights, I've danced here and for six nights you've . . . you've . . .

"I've what?"

"You've stared!"

The red haired man's eyebrows shot upward like the backs of scared cats. A kind of crooked grin turned up one corner of his mouth.

"Is that a new experience, Miss Starr? Being stared at?"

The beautiful dancer leaned forward in her chair, started to snap back, changed her mind. "Hell, no, but Look do you have good eyes?"

"Twenty-twenty. Why?"

"I mean, can you roll your eyes up and down? Can you look sideways?"

The man laughed. "This is certainly the damnedest conversation. My eyes are fine. Please, why all the concern?"

Star Starr could control her anger no longer. Her voice dripped ice. "You know what I mean, you, you son of a gun. What in the hell are you looking at night after night?"

Expressive eyebrows arched again. His lips turned up. He spoke softly. "Your knees."

"My *what!*"

"Your knees." Eyebrows leveled smooth, straightened.

She was prepared for any other answer. As dazed as if he had connected with a straight right to her jaw, she recoiled.

"Are you some kind of a queer?"

"No."

"Are you crazy?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

She exploded again. "Well, just what are you?"

"I am a fishing boat captain, sane, fairly normal and I happen to think you have the most beautiful knees I ever saw."

She stared at him as if he had just announced he was from Mars. A warning bell clanged in her heart. Just some sort of a line. In a minute he'll tell me the rest of me is beautiful, too, and how about a date, huh?

They matched crooked grins across the few feet separating their chairs. Silence hanging watchfully.

"Well, I'm waiting Mr. Root."

"Waiting?"

"For the rest of your corny line. What you came here for."

"You sent for me."

Star Starr stood up slowly, let her robe slip to the floor. Now she stood in front of the man in the tiny brassiere and the tiny be-sequined G-string. The dim lights of her dressing room gave a wonderous glow to her enchanting body.

"Well, Mr. Root?"

The red-haired man in the gray suit stirred. "Very nice, Miss Starr. May I touch?"

"Hell, no. Keep your hands to yourself," she swayed slightly.

"What lovely knees," said the man.

Her anger up to now was, for Star beautifully controlled. At the word "knees" again, she could hold back no longer. Her naturally deep voice climbed almost to a screech. "My knees, my knees, you crazy bastard, look at this!" She hooked one long forefinger in the deep V of her bra and jerked. The filmy net gave way. She stood with twin vanilla mountains heaving and rolling. Pure gold vanilla, smooth and tipped with strawberries of purest pink.

"Look at that, and look at this," she whirled and pointed her neatly rounded buttocks at the man. She caressed them strongly, thoroughly. "Look at that, Mr. Root!"

"Very nice." He added a third hand, his.

"Get out of here!" another screech.

The man stood up calmly and gracefully. "Look, Star, the men who admire your breast and your fanny number maybe in the millions, I agree with them. Also I like your knees. They are lovely, you know."

"Get out!"

He bowed out almost in the continental fashion and eased out the door.

The enraged Star stepped quickly to her dressing table. Reflected in the mirror her knees shone in the soft light. "They are pretty," she exclaimed. She made a mental note to see more of the strange Mr. Root.

The strange Mr. Root, moving down the hall, spoke softly as if to a customer on his fishing boat. "Upon hooking a big fish, reel the line in slowly, slowly."

'Knock it off—I'm a boy!'

MOST WANTON QUEEN

(Continued from page 45)

each other for her smile. Jealousy was rife. A famed patrician went as far as placing a bodyguard around her to prevent any rivals from seeking favors in his absence. But he hastily abandoned the project when he learned the tall, handsome soldiers constantly forgot their duty to succumbing to the famed actress's lavish charms.

Such an unconquerable woman was bound in the end to make slaves of the very men who had come to mock and gloat over her supposedly feminine inferiority. In the dressing room pass after each performance men fought for the privilege of kissing the welts left by the whips on her skin. These kisses, especially if the lashes had drawn blood, were one of the highest priced pleasures in the night life of Byzantine.

In her ascendency over men this notorious actress now plunged recklessly into the dissolute life of a courtesan. Her greatest delight was to humiliate those in high places while lavishing her favors on those of lowly birth. This is well illustrated by her famed nightly after-performance suppers that became celebrated all over Byzantine.

Every evening nineteen of the most distinguished men in Constantinople who had begged for the invitation, attended this banquet. The cost of this elaborate meal was paid by themselves. In addition, an even greater sum went to the lewd wantons for her presence at the feast. With ribald jests, obscene repartee and lascivious pantomime, she entertained her high born guests while their lowly attendant slaves waited in an ante room.

When she had sufficiently plied them with enough liquor so that they rolled helplessly intoxicated under the table, she upbraided them for their lack of courtesy, for the sodden condition that made them impotent for the pleasure couch. Then in mocking insolence she satisfied herself with the most comely of the thirty or forty slaves that had accompanied their now helplessly drunken masters to the feast.

She became such a public scandal that men avoided her in public. To be seen in her company meant disgrace; to linger in her presence meant temptation. A woman who belonged to any man that paid her price. The historian, Gibbon, writes of her: "The fortunate lover who had been promised a night of enjoyment was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favorite."

At the height of her notoriety this infamous harlot suddenly abandoned the

(Continued on Page 57)

NIGHT OF PASSION

(Continued from page 5)

"Yes," she agreed, her voice barely audible now. "Please. Let's just drive on."

And that's all they did for miles, listening to the soft hum of the radio, his arm about her now, neither of them saying a word, thinking their thoughts as the car and the night swept them through the end of the world forest which leads even higher to San Marcos Pass.

Finally, they were at the summit of Candor Point, and below them, spread eagled like a silver girl the night time beauty of Cachuma Lake, its fingers reaching into a dozen darkened canyons. The wheels of the car protested as they pulled onto the wet sand platform high on a cliff which overlooked the lake.

There was not the whisper of another car, as there had not been in twenty miles. Just the two of them now, as the engine clicked to silence.

"I'm so glad you were at Buellton," she said. "So terribly glad—"

But he did not let her finish. Instead, he did what he had been aching to do for the long desolate miles. Cupping her chin between his hands, he kissed her, the warm curve of her lips caressing over and over against his own in a searching, almost frightened way. And the ache within him burned new crying for release.

She took his hand with a firmness that startled him and together they began between kisses, slowly—terribly slowly—to undo each of the buttons of her coat.

As the raincoat slipped open Ronald suddenly realized that she wore nothing beneath it except herself. First the two young breasts spilled outward, small and perfect, the nipples raised and living things. Then the flat firm surface of her belly, like a piece of sculpture. And smooth, tanned thighs. Ronald swore to himself. It was a thing too perfect, too utterly unbelievable.

Only it had happened. It was there. And they were there. The seat was back now, as far as it would go. And when Ronald lifted her from the coat it seemed an act almost sacrosanct, an offering, the smooth, slender body so yielding to his arms.

She undressed him then, quietly and with tenderness, hands hungrily almost desperately searching across his wide, strong chest. He relaxed and let her do it. His clothing was wet and tight from the rain and he had to help her. Quickly, almost terribly. Ronald realized that it had all changed once she had started. Her hands reached, having all the clumsy cruelty of a child opening its

(Continued on Page 58)

HISTORY'S MOST WANTON QUEEN *(Continued from page 56)*

theatre of Constantinople She became the mistress of a man who had just been appointed governor of a province in Africa

But this romance did not last very long Some chroniclers credit the break up to her avariciousness to her efforts to store up wealth as security against the time when her beauty and charm no longer would enslave men Others claim that her paramour's latent homosexuality, controlled under the scrutiny of his superiors in Constantinople, obsessed him so much he brutally kicked her out.

Penniless without the necessities of life, she wandered alone on foot in misery to Alexandria the capital of Egypt forced to seek shelter in a religious home for impoverished and penitent women sinners.

Chastened by the experience that had cast her down from the height of luxury to the depths of poverty, she made her way once more to Constantinople

In the same city where she had been the reigning sensation a few years previous she now lived in an unpretentious house and took up weaving and spinning the traditional work of the reformed harlot

Instead of her career coming to an inglorious finale this was but an interlude For this former burlesque Queen of Byzantine, an actress-prostitute whose obscene portrayals in the most debauched roles in the decadent theatre of Constantinople was the scandal of the empire—is none other than the celebrated Theodora Possibly, considering her early environment in the degrading atmosphere of the Hippodrome circus, the most brilliant woman in all world history

This beautiful ex-wanton shortly became the mistress of Justinian, nephew of the aging emperor, Justin, who really ruled the empire at that time Although it was strictly forbidden by law for one of nobility to marry an actress, Justinian was so in love with this former prostitute he had the edict changed and made her his wife

Succeeding his uncle as Emperor on Justin's death within months of this marriage, Justin not only bestowed the title of Empress on Theodora, but by royal decree, proclaimed her co-ruler over the destiny of the far flung Byzantium Empire.

"Theodora The Strumpet" as the envious court matrons derided her in secret despite being steeped in every sexual vice and depravity in her youth, had not only a keen mind but an intuitive understanding of the problems of state. Her influence in the affairs of government was considerable to the day of her death

NIGHT OF PASSION

(Continued from page 56)

first Christmas present greedily.

Ronald watched the top of her head now, the soft brown hair glinting in the light of the radio. All the muscles of his neck and shoulders taut with what she did, he jerked backwards and fought back the cry that caught painfully in his throat. When he thought that he could surely stand it no longer she raised up her beautiful face to look directly in his eyes. "Now," she said.

And, at last they were together, and the rain had stopped.

They drank coffee then from the warm thermos and talked of it.

"It's been happening for a long time," she explained. "For over a year now along the roads to Santa Maria. Every weekend."

"Your family—"

"There's just my father. He's very wealthy. He owns several thousand acres near Monteneto."

"It's rich country."

"Yes. I know." Shirley had his jacket about her shoulders now.

"And will it go on?" He eyed her directly.

"Now—now, I'm not sure."

Somehow, Ronald's mind seemed and dently clear. He lit a cigarette.

"Did it mean anything to you?"

"No."

"You're telling the truth?"

She was no longer nervous now, but sure and steady about what she said. "Yes. I'm telling the truth."

"I don't need to tell you you're bad off."

"I guess not." But now the tears had begun to well up in her eyes. "All right. I've told you everything you want to know." Her voice was fevered. "You mean nothing to me! It meant nothing to me!"

He began to smile now sarcastically, purposefully. That was when she hit him across the face with force enough to throw him against the door. "Damn you!" she cried, and moved to the other side of the car and huddled there, looking like a teenager who had been reprimanded.

He started the motor and slowly pulled onto the highway again. For a long time she said nothing and let Ronald drive the car. At last she looked at him, eyes red with crying. Tentatively affectionately, she reached out a hand in a futile attempt to straighten his wrinkled white shirt.

"It was different," she said. "Is that what you wanted me to say?"

Ronald held the steering wheel firmly. He did not look at her. "Is it the truth?" he asked, voice demanding.

"Yes," she said simply.

They had reached the top of the pass now, and the road twisted down to Santa Barbara before them, a thousand distant lights and the sea. It had begun to rain again lightly, and the car felt slippery on the road.

"It means something to both of us, I'm afraid," he said. "It's something we'll have to think about."

"You can come to Monteneto. It's wonderful country there—"

"And live with you and your father?" He laughed.

"No, I suppose not," she sighed, closing her eyes and glancing down. "I don't know what to do."

Ronald thought a lot as those wet roads down to Santa Barbara thought of the impossible, hopeless thing it was. Something you can't tell someone else, because you don't even understand it yourself. Then he noticed the registration stropped to the steering shaft. There was enough light in the car to read the name RICHARD FULGHEM. He couldn't read the name of the town but it was in the state of Washington, a thousand miles from Monteneto. He took his eyes off the road to look at her, and she had noticed. Her eyes burned into him, cold and distant and full of hate.

But it was too late. The car had begun to slide, a long dream like skid that carried the big convertible careening across the road. The steering wheel was useless and Ronald could remember only two things that happened at that moment: he looking at the speedometer and noting the speed of over fifty miles per hour and the terrible cathlike stare of the girl beside him.

Then it began.

The car hit a low stone wall on the right side of the road and with an ear splitting crash went over it.

With one desperate reach of his hand for Shirley Ronald felt himself thrown to the floor and another resounding crash as the car bounded over something else, seemed to hang suspended in the air for a moment and stopped with all the immediacy of hitting a ten ton truck.

The first thing Ronald thought of was fire but the car was not burning. There was only the taste of blood and broken glass on his bleeding lips. He pulled himself out. They had hit a tree, three hundred feet above a ravine. And the beautiful girl he had known as Shirley lay in a crushed heap twenty yards to the side of the car.

He could only stand there now, letting the rain wash away the dirt and blood on his cut lips and listening to the silence. Ronald noticed dully that the horn was blowing — a long mournful note in the pouring rain. And he wondered what he should say to the police.

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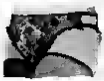

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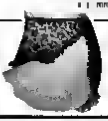

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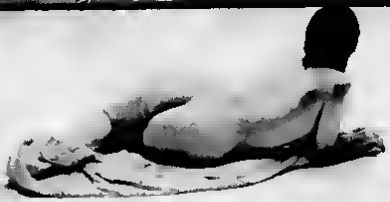

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